



The Stranger World by NocturneSky

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Summary: A decaying world is seeking salvation, and ours might just be the one to provide it. This is a fan theory of how the Upside Down became the way it is in Stranger Things. Suspense and thrills lurk in every chapter. I hope you enjoy, and thank you for reading!

The Stranger World

"Immobelum Neder Potris."

A phrase sang out by the seven members of the Convergence, and returned in disheartened mutter by their remaining constituents. Valse Pigneat looked over the crowd from his seat on the polished black stage. As he scanned multiple faces, he realized that his eyes never met any of theirs. Their world was slowly dying, and every day was a struggle for survival.

The capitol city of Belltarius was the last remaining stronghold against the darkness, and anyone who left its gates would quickly find themselves lost in the Fray, where predators lurked and another dimension was slowly taking over.

"Immodelan Neber Potris," Valse thought to himself, "Survival Never Forfeits." The apathy of the crowd was dangerous. If these people wished to save their world, they would need to be motivated. Valse recognized this and took it upon himself to change their somber attitude.

"People of Belltarius, the Convergence has called this meeting to order in the hopes of making new discoveries that will save our world. In order to do this, we must remember what we are fighting for. As individuals, our survival has become important for the survival of an entire society. We are gift by the Creator with the power of ingenuity, and it is through this key trait of our kind that we can create greatness out of nothingness."

Valse finished his opening speech with great enthusiasm to only see the same exact scene from before. It was as if no one was listening to him, and he desperately needed to grab their attention.

"The Darkness has already invaded Balltarius," the people quickly raised their heads, their eyes widened with horror. Valse's tactic worked, it was now time to draw them in. "Yes, it is shocking, but the Darkness is already here. I see it in this room. I see it in your faces. It is in this Darkness that the greatest obstacle to our survival thrives. This Darkness resides in our hearts and feeds our doubt and our fears.

It takes over our bodies to the point where we no longer wish to thrive, and this will kill us all."

Valse ended his last sentence slowly, savoring each word. When he gazed across the crows, their faces were still not changed, however their eyes were lit up with worry and thought. Pagnus gave him a disapproving look from the other side of the stage he quickly brushed off. He then returned to their seat and the meeting continued.

A deep frost bit into the Earth's core in Elk River, Minnesota. As the leaves on the miles of deep forest began to succumb to the chill, a sense of tension fell across the small city. It was November 5th, 1962 and the Elk River Nuclear Power Plant, or ERNP was to begin operation the next day. The towns people, wary about this new form of power and its inherent dangers, slept restlessly. It appeared all differences were set aside and the community became one consciousness.

Dr. Krane walked down the halls of his life's work accompanied by two men in black suites.

"Are the preparations ready?" one of the men asked the scientist.

"Of course, the collider is ready for testing," Krane replied with a smirk.

The government was always cautious to spend their money on science, as failure was only viewed as a waste of money. Even though Krane knew the values of failure, he recognized that tonight there could be no margin for error. He led the men down a corridor with a metal, vault-like door capping off the end. The door had a red light that was illuminated above it, signifying that power was running through the plant. The power plant had been in full operation for months as they needed power to operate their machine.

Dr. Krane paused at the door and took in a deep breath. His life's work was about to be put on display for the world. This night, this very moment, would change the course of human history. As he spun the pressure lock on the metal door, a moment of extreme anticipation passed through the entire crowd.

The door opened to a vast chamber at least one hundred feet tall and five hundred feet long. The entry way lead to a grated metal balcony with stairs leading down to the floor. The control room peered out from a raised platform directly to the right of the entrance. Positioned in the middle of the room was a man-made river about sixty feet long and only twenty feet wide. Three interlocking rings were positioned in the exact center of the river, and a raft of sorts was tied off on one end.

"What is the meaning of this river?" asked one of the suited men.

"It's quite simple," replied Dr. Krane, "We are like a disease to this other world. Our presence is not wanted, and therefore our very existence is challenged. We lost many men who simply stepped foot on this hostile environment. Therefore, we figured of the traveler floats into the new world, guided by a non-living object, then they will be able to sneak in and be acclimated to this alternate dimension."

The complex theories and equations directed towards this experience confounded the two men as they trailed close behind the scientist. As the group made their way to the control room, they were surrounded by many other scientists who were checking gauges and making last minute calculations. They entered the control hub and were greeted by a tall lady in a white lab coat.

"Hello Dr. Krane," she said with a smile, light gleaming off her large spectacles, "how are our guests?"

"They haven't been too much of a nuisance yet, Helan," Dr. Krane replied, "Are we ready for a demonstration?"

"Yes sir, we shall begin right away." Helan Krane flicked a switch and spoke into a microphone protruding from one of the many dashboards.

"Attention, please clear the floor. Portal is opening. I repeat, please clear the floor"

The scientists seemed to break from their trance of methodic work and scurry away into various modules. In a matter of moments, the

floor that had previously been a busy hive of workers became desolate and abandoned. Three scientists stood on various podiums situated around the room. In clockwise order, they put up their thumbs, signifying the demonstration was ready to begin.

"Would you do the honors, Dr. Krane?" Helan asked.

Without a response, Dr. Krane flicked open a glass case to reveal a large, green button. Once depressed, a large siren sounded and the water began to turn as the three rings slowly started to spin. The air seemed to crackle with electricity as the rings spun faster and faster.

"Rings are at break speed, administer the shock," Dr. Krane commanded.

Helan nodded and pressed a series of buttons. Suddenly the lights went off and the entire world seemed to go silent.

"Clear!" Helan shouted, and the sound of a button being smashed clang throughout the room. For a moment, nothing happened, then a bright light burst forth from the center of the rings. This formed a glowing sphere in the middle of a raging river that casted a harsh glow across the room.

As the lights had to remain off for the duration of the portal's operation, the glow augmented every crack and crevasse on Dr. Krane's face to the point where his innocent smile resembled that of a demon. "So who would like to go first?" the scientist asked the two men.